Why Victor Tremayne Rewrote His Novel

By JOSEPH HOCKING.

ayne, as he sat alone in his chambers in with many of the people I knew years London on a hot summer morning. "The ago." London. But I am sick of London."

was no apparent reason for this. Victor | Yes, that's it. I'll go to St. Mabyn." Tremayne was a young man, barely turned That same day he packed all the things did he enter into any conversation concerning review; he had published books which the station nearest St. Mabyn. brought him both money and fame; he was | "By Jove!" he cried, as the train moved erary circles; he had been feted on every terested for years." hand, and he was constantly invited to houses which entertained the best intellectual life of London. What more could master," said the man whose horse and

a man desire? But he did desire more. What it was he little wayside station. did not know; nevertheless, his life was a weary one-so much so, that he had come to the conclusion that existence was pretty summin' ovver theere, maakin' so bould?" much of a failure.

It is true that during the last few months he had been fairly happy, on account of the book he had been writing. The subject of | the man. his novel had possessed him, and had interested him to the last page; but that was | shop." finished. Only the night before he had finished revising the final proof-sheets, and he was as a consequence suffering, not only from want of something to interest him, but from the natural reaction which follows many months of sustained labor.

"Where shall I go?" he asked again and again. "The ordinary seaside wateringplace is unbearable; Scotland is crowded; while as for Switzerland there will not be room to move."

"Go to your old home," something suggested to him, but he immediately steeled his heart against yielding to it. The reason | lagers pleasure. for this may be stated in a few words. His father had died when he was twenty, leaving him absolutely alone in the world, except for a distant relation in London, to whose care and interest he had intrusted his son. Henry Tremayne had been a reserved, quiet man, who made no friends except with his books, and who had lived an utterly secluded life. Victor, being a studious, sensitive lad, had also kept away from the companionship of his fellows, and thus, but for the exception of one interest, would have left the quiet Cornish hamlet without a regret.

This one exception, however, colored his whole life. When he was eighteen he fell passionately in love with a child of fifteen. This child, Ruth Enedor, he worshiped with all the fervor of his nature. He had never spoken to her of his love, and never made known his preference for her in any way, except that he sent her a valentine as each St. Valentine's Day came round, and a christmas card at Christmas time. But he had never signed his name to either of these communications. He had in each case inclosed a sheet of paper, in which he had told her, that one who dared not speak to her loved her devotedly, fondly hoping that she would recognize who had sent it, and give him some token that his love was returned. But he received nothing from her in return; indeed, when he had met her, she had apparently taken no

He was twenty when his father died, and cheered him in going to London was the thought that he would work to obtain both position and fame, in order that he for a regiment of soajers." might in a very few years go back and lay life. But he could never muster sufficient an, the mother of seven children.

a little volume of his poems.

"I will send her the first copy," he cried, life is terribly disappointing!" "and with it a letter telling her who has sent her the valentines, and who has loved let him have her rooms. A pound a week her life must be a constant misery; and

book to appear, all the time dreaming of woman. the joy that would be his when he should meet her again. The day on which his time he had partaken of his frugal meal, "Love Dreams" were published, however, and then he went out into the quiet lanes. the same post which brought him six copies | ing. Every cottage, every field, every tree of his book also brought him news that | remains exactly the same. And yet it is Ruth Enedor was married to a young farm- all different. Oh, I would willingly give all er who lived near St. Mabyn village. The my bit of fame and money just to be a boy he mused, "No wonder I used to think it news changed Victor Tremayne from being again, with a boy's hopes and a boy's feel- beautiful years ago. But I really cannot write to you, and say-well, what you tell to order our lives in accord with it. All a sensitive, optimistic boy, to a pessimistic, ings. But it can never be. I must live my stand it. I shall go mad if I stay here. The middle-aged man. In his foolishness he life alone, and the dream of the past will | thought of Ruth married to-" heaped reproaches upon her, and accused only mock me." her of all sorts of mad things.

ing him into notoriety, he received much stood looking at it like one entranced. attention. Presently he became enamored | "Who lives there now, I wonder?" he | She was tastefully dressed, she carried herof a literary woman, and married her. The said presently. "Ruth's mother was a self with grace and ease, and her general than himself, was heartless, selfish, un- not think Mrs. Enedor would remain there | concerning her. It is true her face looked | you loved me." faithful. For two years he lived with her | alone." in misery, and then when she left him, while he felt relieved of a great burden, reached his ears, as well as the merry nevertheless, no one could associate her he became a soured, morose man. He gave | shouts of men and women. up all faith in woman, and lost the joy of | "Evidently some one with children has life. Sometimes his mind flew back to the taken it," he went on. "I should like to Enedor from afar; but he quickly tried to | would pain me to see others occupying the | flushed painfully. banish her from his mind.

"Why should I care?" he would somea fat, blowsy farmer's wife. She feeds | walk towards the sea. pigs, milks cows, and carries butter to market! Most likely, too, she has three or four fat, lumpy children." All the same, he could not forget her, neither did the picture he had conceived concerning her banish her from his life. "No, I can't stay in London throughout the whole of August and September," he said as he finished his lonely breakfast. "Bad as other places may be at this time of the year, London is worse. Every club-room is empty, every acquaintance is out of town; I shall simply die of weariness."

He had nothing to keep him in London. The few articles he had to write could be written in one place as well as another. His book was ready for the press, and he needed a change badly. And yet he could

not make up his mind where to go. "Go back to your old home," something urged again. . "St. Mabyn is near the sea, it is very quiet and very restful. You will be able to see the scenes of your boyhood and many of the villagers will rejoice at your coming. What if you do see Ruth Enedor? You say you have driven her from your heart, and thus, if you meet her

-well, what then?" "I think I'll go," he said presently, "Old Betty Penrose will gladly give me a couple of rooms if she is alive, with plenty of good food into the bargain. I'll take a good stock of books with me, so that i need not be altogether lonely in the even-

"The first of August," said Victor Trem- | and bathe every day, and I can have a chat

first of August. What shall I do, and Presently he became quite interested, tions concerning Mrs. George Coad, but he where shall I go? As far as I can see the | "Why, it's ten years since I left the place!" only place which is deserted just now is he cried. "I shall have changed out of all recognition, and I shall be able to talk with The truth was he was sick of every place, the people without letting them know who and pretty nearly sick of life itself. There I am. A sort of Enoch Arden in real life.

thirty years of age, and yet he had ob- he thought he would need, and the next ing the people he had known years before. tained a position which was the envy of morning he was at Paddington Station his fellows. He was on the staff of a lead- | before 9 o'clock, and took his ticket for | received a letter from his publishers,

recognized as a man of importance in lit- out of the station, "I haven't been so in-

"It's a brave long drive to St. Mabyn, trap Victor Tremayne had hired at the

"Yes, seven or eight miles, I suppose?" "Reckon tes. Be 'ee goin' to kip shop or "Why do you ask?"

"You've got enough things in your trunks and things to set up a tidy shop," replied

"Bean't 'ee? Be 'ee goin' there to live?" "Only for a few weeks." "You bean't a 'Johnny Fortnight,' of

"No," and Victor laughed. "Do I look like one?" "No; but you've got so many things."

The truth was Victor had, in addition to his books and some sketching materials, bought a number of presents for the people he had known as a boy. Somehow the thought of going back to his old home had | ter. Surely, too, you, who are now amidst made him desire to give some of the vil-"You bean't a minin' adventurer, be 'ee?"

"Ah, then, I 'spect you've got your missis

"No, I've no missis." "Ain't 'ee, for sure? Then you do bait

"You know St. Mabyn?" asked Victor, in order to turn the conversation, for he knew the man was longing to ask him further

"Yes, I've been there a few times. Old Jimmy Truscott is my uncle. 'Be you acquainted with St. Mabyn?" "I used to be, years ago. Do you know

Tregargus Farm?" "Yes, for sure I do. Why, Maaster George Coad have sold me a lot of years (farrows young pigs) in his time. Do you know

Maaster George?" "No," and Victor set his lips, for George Coad was the young farmer who had mar-

ried Ruth Enedor. "Aw, I do. I knaw his wife, too. A nice young woman is Mrs. Coad. She was goodlookin' as a maid, too; but she's had chil-

Victor laughed. His fancies concerning Ruth were correct.

"Lev me zee," went on the driver. "She've got seven children all alive, and she've been married 'bout ten year. That's a bra lot, edn't et, then?" "Are they all healthy?" asked Victor

"I should think they be," replied the driver. "Fower great lerrupin' boys, and

three bouncin' maidens. They can oal ait do zay we bean't like nuther one," was like hadgers, and wear out enough clothes | the reply. "But, plaise, sir, we must make "That's very interesting," said the young | and cart dreckly."

everything at her feet. For three years | man, with another laugh; but his heart with the thought of Ruth Enedor in his he was glad that Ruth was utterly different horse and cart. The man who drove the mind. Each Valentine's day he sent her from the lissom, brown-haired maiden he horse cracked his whip, and gazed around his love token, and each Christmas day had known, it somehow shattered his ideals | contentedly. A minute later Victor came he told her that she was the light of his to think of her as a stout matronly wom- close to George Coad. The young farmer

"Life is all of a piece," he thought "Nothing turns out according to promise, During these years he had been contin- Even if my boyish dreams had been ful- thinking man; it was also suggestive of uously writing for the Press, for editors filled, and I had married her, I daresay much eating and beer. had recognized his ability from the first, I should have grown tired of her. How and presently he rejoiced with a great joy | could I be happy with a woman who could because a publisher had agreed to publish be content to marry this man Coad? No doubt it is just as well as it is; but, oh

He found Betty Penrose quite willing to With eagerness he waited for his little | room was absolute wealth to the simple old | have sunk to his level, in which case the | Coad.

It was 7 o'clock in the evening by the

From that time great success came to then he stopped suddenly, while his heart | woman he had loved years before. In the him, but no happiness. A few years later | gave a wild leap. Before him, embowered | eyes of the young man she had altered but he believed he had driven Ruth Enedor among trees and shrubs, stood a quaint, little. Nothing could be more unlike his life-and-and-well-but tell me, Ruth." from his mind, and then his success, bring- old-fashioned house. For a few minutes he picture of a stout farmer's dame who was

old place, even although-"

years."

necessary that I should protest against the | changed. You look much older." 'lived happy ever afterwards' sort of thing. I am glad I stood out against the publishconvictions, and I should have been obliged | has reached us." to have re-written at least a quarter of the book. No, I did right in letting it stand. Life is a mockery, and love is-well, what

When he got back to his lodgings again he longed to ask old Betty Penrose quescould not make up his mind to do so. Something held him back. He knew not what.

For three days he roamed quietly around the lanes, and along the seacoast. He asked no questions about anyone, neither On the morning of the third day he

of his new novel, as well as for his own reputation, to re-write the latter part of "We have known each other several years," ran the letter, "or I should not

asking him for the sake of the success

take the liberty of suggesting the alteration; but in view of what I am sure you will recognize later, if not just now, I do urge you to do so.

"First, the story as it stands is so depressing and morbid that it will not command a large sale; second, I hold that an author should not give to the public a book which is only a wail of despair. That there is sadness and disappointment in life I ad-"Have I? Well, I'm not going to keep a mit; but surely an author should endeavor to make life glad and bright instead of enlarging upon and accentuating the fact

> of misery and disappointment. "Third, it is in my opinion an untrue reading of life. That your story is clever I admit; but it is not true. There is more joy than sorrow in our short existence, more laughter than tears. Moreover, it is only to the comparatively few that life ends in tragedy.

"Forgive my saying this, my dear Tremayne; but I feel strongly about the matthe scenes of your boyhood, will realize that I am right; and as you see the happiness of the rustic villagers and watch the bliss of boy and girl lovers will be led to rewrite the part of the story we hope to

Victor laughed bitterly. "Bendle is as bad as the rest of the world," he cried. "He, with the rest of the world's fools, wants to keep up the illusion that life is happy."

Putting on his hat he went out into the garden. It was a glorious morning. The sun sailed in an almost cloudless sky, while the wind which came in from the sea made the air sweet and invigorating. After all, he could not deny that nature was very beautiful, and that the villagers seemed

A minute later, two sturdy boys came into the garden. Apparently they were seven or eight years of age, and on their faces

"Good morning, my lads," said Victor. "Good mornin', sir," replied the elder of the two, politely. "I be come to see Mrs. Penrose, plaise, sir.' "Have you? Well, she is indoors. And

whose fine boys are you?" "Mr. George Coad's, plaise, sir." Victor looked at them steadily. He tried

Ruth Enedor, as he had known her ten years before, but he could not "And who do you resemble, father or mother?" he managed to say.

"Some do zay we be like mother, and some do zay we be like father, and some 'aste, 'cos father'll be 'ere with the hoss

was a short, thick-set man. He was rather a bad specimen of a Cornish agriculturist. His face betokened an unintelligent, un-

"Mornin', sir," said Coad. "Good morning," said Victor, and then he

laughed bitterly. "Fancy Bendle asking me to alter my book, while Ruth is married to him!" he for the use of her little parlor and bed- if she is happy with him, then she must

tragedy of her life is greater than ever. No. the afternoon he wrote some letters, and was a day of darkness and bitterness, for | "Nothing is changed," he mused, "noth- then, when evening came on, he walked

Ruth lived years before. "How quiet, how restful everything is!"

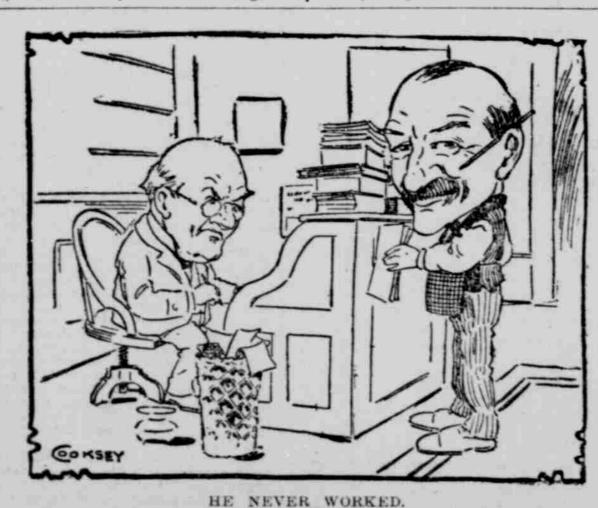
He stopped suddenly, for a turn in the been you?" He walked on for some distance, and road brought him face to face with the

the mother of seven healthy boys and girls. thoughtful, if not sad; in her eyes, too. Just then the sound of childish laughter | was an expression of unsatisfied yearning; with anything coarse or sensual.

"Good evening," he said.

"I-I saw-your boys this morning," he Hearing footsteps coming toward him, he stammered. "They-they-were-my word! times say to himself. "She is by this time moved rapidly away, and continued his You have scarcely altered these last ten

"Yes, I finished my novel as it ought to | "No, things don't alter much in this part



Employer-Where is the office boy? Bookkeeper-There's a boy out in the hall. Employer-Is he working? Bookkeeper-Yes, sir. Employer-Then he ain't our office boy.

be finished," he said presently. "It was of the world," she replied. "But you have

"I suppose so!" he replied, bitterly. "I must congratulate you on your sucers when, they protested. If I had yielded | cess," she said. "Far as we are away from to them, I should have been untrue to my everything here at St. Mabyn your fame

> "Fame!" he repeated, bitterly. "Yes. Your life in London must be very interesting. I take a literary paper, and I often notice your doings. You must be very happy amidst such surroundings."

"I-I should not have thought you would have found time to read literary papers,"

"I do find it difficult. My boys, as you saw, are very human and take a great deal of time."

"Very human," replied Victor. "Then, of course, one has other work." "Yes," replied Victor, and then there was an awkward silence between them. "Are you staying long in St. Mabyn?" she

asked presently. "No, not long; I can't bear it-that is, I shall get off somewhere to-morrow or the day after."

"So soon?"-and he thought he detected a note of disappointment in her voice. "Yes, yes-that is--" "I suppose you live a busy life; but-but

I am sure mother would like to see you before you go. You remember mother?" "Oh, yes, perfectly. I think-yes, I should like to see your mother."

"Could you not come and see her to-"I am afraid-that is-yes, I might come

to-morrow. I suppose she lives with-" "At the same old place. Yew Cottage, you remember it. She will be delighted to see you." "Could-that is, I suppose you could come

over too?" "What do you mean?" "It, is some distance from Tregargus Farm, and I thought that-"

"Tregargus Farm; that is where you live, isn't it? I saw your husband this morn-"Husband! I have no husband."

"Tregargus Farm! I don't understand."

"What!" His head whirled, and for a moment he thought he should have fallen.

Coad," he managed to stammer at length. sal Fatherhood of God. By Him all par-"George Coad!" she replied. "I never

Why, he could not explain; but everything say "Our Father who art in heaven." was changed. Was it possible after all that Ruth Enedor, she who stood before him now, was free? Was it possible that

He longed to stay by her side, longed to ask her further questions; but he could not. He must get away by himself. "I have made a dreadful mistake," he discover that it is scarcely more than a

But he did not wait until the afternoon. Directly after he had breakfasted he those who are living on the same plane as now affame with hope, and again crushed in common with ours; and also quite ready by fear. He had learnt from Betty Pen- to recognize that those above us are out rose that the girl whom George Coad had | brethren, and that they have certain obmarried, while called Enedor, did not be- ligations towards us which we are very long to St. Mabyn parish at all, but had come from St. Issy, while the boys of whom | but we are not sure about those who are she had charge were not those he had seen, below us. Many refuse to recognize these but were really the children of a cousin as brethren. They are our brethren, howwho had sent them to her to spend their ever, even though we do not like to recog-

When he came to Yew Cottage, he was | hood reach from the highest to the lowest, admitted by a trim servant, who showed from the richest to the poorest, from the to trace in their faces some likeness to him into a room which was evidently used as a library.

sir," the maid said, as she left him alone. of brotherhood, and we need to keep ask-"I think, perhaps, I had better see Miss Eneder," stammered Victor, nervously, owest thou? But whether the maid heard him, he did

He looked around the room, and in a marginal notes, and underlined passages. A minute later Ruth entered alone.

"That will all depend on you," he replied.

not understand," she said. his first volume of poems he had received the news that she had married George

"But you did not believe it?" she cried. "Yes; I believed it." "After you had sent me-me-that is,

after you had told me you-you-" "Did you know it was I?"

"Then why did you not answer?" "How could I? Just think, how could I me you wanted me to say, when I might

have been mistaken? Supposing it had not

"I know I've been a fool," cried Victor. but tell me, Ruth, tell me that there is some chance for me. I've loved you all my For a few seconds there was a silence be-

tween them; then she said, almost with "I've never thought of another man, marriage was a tragedy. The woman, older | widow, and she was an only child. I should | appearance altogether belied his fancies | Victor-how could I? You-you told me

"And you have loved me?" "Always." The light of a great joy shone in his

eyes, but it immediately became dim. "But you don't know all," he said; "you "Good evening," she replied, and as she | don't know that in my madness I married years when he used to worship Ruth see it again, though. But not to-night. It looked into his face Victor thought she a woman of the world, a creature without a heart or conscience?" "Yes, I knew that you had married; I

me. But I could never think of another fickleness of woman's love, while all the time I- But, Ruth, I do love you, have loved you through the years. Thank heaven, that woman I married is dead, and so I am free. May I-that is, may I come again this evening?" he finished

lamely. "I don't know that there is any need for you to go now," she said, with a laugh, and after that Victor was content. "There is no reason why you should not stay to lunch with us, is there?" she asked pres-

"I only want to send a telegram," he said; "let me tell you about it." Whereupon he told her of his novel and of his correspondence with his publishers.

"Those kisses you gave me just now mean a lot of work for me," laughed Victor. "Because they have altered my views of

"And what are you going to do?" she

"There is a lad who works in the garden who can take the telegram," she said, demurely. "If you have so much work to do you cannot afford the time to walk to the telegraph office."

"Besides," said Victor, "I need to do a lot of preparatory work, and it can be done nowhere but by your side."

"Let me see what you are going to write," she said.

Victor took a telegraph form and wrote

"Letter received. Arguments unanswerable. Will rewrite latter part of novel. "TREMAYNE."

"Will you begin to write to-day?" she "No, I wish to discuss the plot with you,"

he said. "Indeed, I shall want you to spare me several hours every day. Seeing you have destroyed all my old ideas, you must help me to form new ones."

"Let us begin right away," she said. "Certainly," said Victor, as he kissed her again and again.

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UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD: THE OB-LIGATION BINDS ALL MEN.

By the Rev. J. W. Barnett, Ph. D., Pastor of the South Congregational Church, Columbus, O.

"All ye are brethren."-Matthew xxiii, &

It was a profound remark of Schilling that history as a whole is a successive revelation of God. And in this revelation both God and man have participated. God has been seeking to reveal Himself in His true nature and character, and this effort has been met and seconded by man reaching out after Him and responding to Him. It has been a slow process, but it has gone steadily on increasing in breadth and significance as the centuries have come and

The cry of the human heart throughout the ages has been after God: "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!" But it was not till Jesus came that any soul had any adequate conception of His nature and character.

The fundamental proposition of the king-"I was told you were married to George dom that Jesus established is the univertition walls have been broken down, and all everywhere may now look up to Him and

The co-ordinate proposition is the universal brotherhood of man. God is the Father of all; and "if one is our Father, even God, then all we are brethren." Most men are ready to concede this fact in general way, but when we come to make a practical specific application of it, we said, "but I will call at Yew Cottage to- theory. We say that we believe it, but are quite ready to recognize as our brethren anxious to have them recognize and fulfill nize them. The limits of human brotherof these we are indebted, for the measure "I will tell Mrs. Enedor that you are here, of obligation reaches as far as the limits

DEET TO THE PAST.

First, there is our debt to the past. The limits of our brotherhood reach back to the very beginning. Every man who has lived and are. Every sin of the past is seen and he worked, and studied, and lived, ever was very sore. Even although he thought the lane. Coming towards him was a farm Oh, if he had known! He opened the vol- felt in the present. And what is true of stand upon the shoulders of all the past and enjoy the blessings for which they

have lived and labored and died. And we ought to be grateful to them for what they have made it possible for us to She looked at him questioningly. "I do best contributions to the end that not only

ourselves, but the race as well shall be in his possession anything that makes his life easier and better it is his duty to impart this to others as far as possible, so as to make this world, and this life, as

beautiful and helpful to all as we can. cease when men once learn that they are

Third, there is our debt to the future. burdens in the years to come. Even though we recognize that every man who has lived in the past, and that every future. God's law is: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." LEFT TO THE FUTURE.

Our debt to the future, like that to the future, for all we are brethren. past and present, is twofold; what we get and what we have to give. We are not in saw it in the papers, and it nearly killed the world to get all we can out of it for Philadelphia Record. ourselves. We are not in it even to get man. How could I, when I loved you?" all we can out of it for the present genera- have taken up anew the matter of furnish-"Heaven forgive me," cried Victor Tre- tion. We must take the future into the ac- the "American national hymn"-to-wit, mayne. "For years I have raved about the count as well. The man who lives for the "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." This is not

198-MOORE ILLUSTRATED.

What familiar line from the Irish poet

199-CHARADE.

The rocky bed where LASTS the crystal

The spotless lily, nedding o'er its brink,

Laughing to see its trembling shadow

From proffered kisses, lest they prove a

The PRIMAL glinting with the earliest

Of sunrise; mountain clouds that loosely

Their gold and crimson, while the TO-

The eye where love enkindles her bright-

The smile that plays upon the sufferer's

The tear that springs at Sympathy's low

The word of comfort strengthening the

All precious things without, within: yea,

200-ENIGMAS.

1. The confectioner sells it with his wares,

2. The astronomer views it in the me-

the continent, royalty parades it before the

3. Mr. Up-to-date seeks for it in Sphinx

Lore, keeps his stenographer at work upon

t, cautions his mason to place it correctly

r his new house, has Maria's music teacher

ROBERT.

OSCEOLA

give instruction for its use and with it

gives admission to friends who accompany

201-TRANSPOSITION.

When the mercury mounts high in the

When the sun fades the flowers and

When the dog-days are stiffing hot,

I will hie to some wave-beaten spot,

An island the ocean encompasses.

resort that all others surpasses,

Here gather the upper-ten classes-

When the mercury mounts high.

Noxious odors and death-dealing gases,

I can spark all the sweet summer lasses,

202-ALPHABE CAL.

Take eternity; two cloth measures; s

beverage; an aspirate; an article; a kind of

nouse; an organ of sense; a point of the

compass; a beverage; a point of the com-

pass; from the verb "to be;" a shilling;

myself; a point of the compass; new; an

exclamation; a drink; turn to the off side:

to be in debt; forty-five inches; a penny-

and you have a quotation from Shakspeare.

The strand is as cool as a grot,

Away from the sweltering masses,

In comfort, content with my lot,

When the mercury mounts high.

To TWO if I ONE in a cot.

teor's flight, the engineer takes it across

ages, milady deems no grand social func-

the machinist places it in his pump, the

Are seen by Him-gifts known and

The words of kindness for a healing

is here represented?

TALS drink;

owned of heaven.

hunter lodges in it, the

tion complete without it

him home.

glasses.

grasses.

gets from it his rules.

est beam

SPHINX LORE

Lewiston, Maine.]

Enigmatic Knots of Odd and Ingenious Kind for the Leisure Hour.



[Any communication intended for this department should be addressed to E. R. Chadbourn,

203-LINKADE. Now, why is ALL termed gloomy or mo-'Tis said that Ruler great to whom it owes Its origin calmed all earth's stormy wees:

His reign so just table would call it golden. I ONE and TWOED the matter o'er and THREE times I TWOED it, or it may be But understood no better than before. Explain the paradox! I'll be beholden.

SPICA.

The **oo** are off on the transports at last; cavalrymen, officers, horses and **00**. A **00** seems to settle down upon us, each man's courage "coo". We will trust, however, that they will have a "oo" voyage, and that the campaign will not prove to be a **oo** one. They were escorted out of the harbor by yachts, "oo" and all sorts of craft. If I had my way I should not **oo** to have any war, but if it must be, the side that **oo** first and straightest wins. One might sit down and shed **oo** of tears, but it would be useless. Life must move on in the old **oo**; the **oo** must be swept with one of my new ""oo"", I must look after my "oo" hens with their chicks, trees, wind the tangled threads on the **oo** in my workbasket, even take a little "oo" to refresh me after dinner, wipe off the **oo** of black on my nose, put on a clean collar and my best ""oo", and, since one beau has gone to the wars, make my-

DOROTHEA. 205-ANAGRAM.

Ten Sorts, M. A. All kinds of tourists seek this walk;

One who loves Nature for herself alone, And brooks a rival much against his

Complained, worn out by his officious

of fishes. From far Manhattan island some there are Who bring along great stire of pomps and

Will now and then pen insular inanities, While other some, to summer deeply loyal, Think every leaf should have some lines And whom a breath of mint or pennyroyal

PRIZE WINNER.

The prize for No. 176 is taken by Mrs. F. G. Hackleman, 515 Morgan street, Rushville, Ind. Other excellent solutions are acknowledged from Julia L. Preston, A. R. Ward, K. G. D., Mrs. J. W. Siders, E. M. Plummer, Ella M. Wing, P. H. Sturtevant, Mary B. Denny, Mrs. O. M. Carver, R. W. Judd, C. D. Ellie, F. M. C., Annie P. Frye, F. O. Pressey, Florence A. Connor, Mrs. John B. Dodge, Hattie Bell, Mabel A. Edwards, E. H. Tarr, Mrs. Nora Mountain, Walter

182-63, 100, 36, 13, 121, 183-Clover, lover, over. 184-Publicity (public-city.)

186-A perquisite. 187-Ram-sack. 188-96.

189-Knowledge

DOROTHEA. present only does not live the best life. not belong to him as yet, and that which may never belong to him at all.

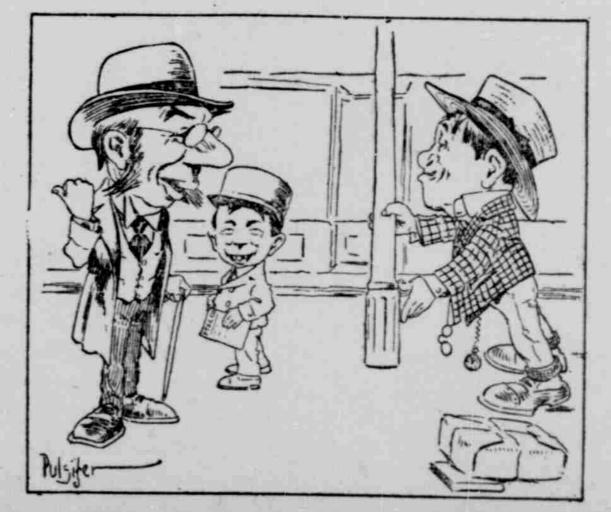
on what must be produced by the next genmaking life easy to ourselves at the expense of somebody else. It is true that we all have to live more or less for the future. We must make our plans for to-day large enough to include the future, but we must not borrow from the future. We must be careful not to bind any burdens upon them

be impossible for them to throw off. felt in the long-time franchises that are granted to the public-service corporations. Many cities are tied up, and others are by their Councils and Boards of Fublic Works, who seem to think that they have wrongs shall be righted and all oppression | tions are willing to give them a few thou-

Surely we need to have a new sense of our duty and obligation. We need to have one who is living to-day, is our brother, our horizon enlarged, so as to get a larger and try to fulfill our duties and obligations | and better view of life and life's relations. toward them all, still we have not yet | We have much more to learn of the meanreached the limits of human brotherhood ing of brotherhood before that brotherhood or the measure of our obligation. We are will be realized. The future is looking to ters of education and population, the gradbrothers as well to all future generations. us, and we are responsible for it. We have | uate of the small college, if it be a good If it is true that every good and every evil | it in our power to make it pleasant and of the past is seen and felt in the present, helpful to all those who are to live in it, fitness. it is equally true that every good and evil and we also have it in our power to make of the present will be seen and felt in the | it very hard for them. May the good God make us wise to all of this, and may we like men, meet the full measure of our obligations to the past, the present, and the

Our National Hymn.

ing an original melody for what they style



Jaggs-How far's it ter Fourteenth street, fren'? Waggs-Ten minutes' walk. Jaggs-Fer you er fer me?

204-DROPPED ENDS.

self agreeable to the other, lest between two ""00" I fall to the ground,

There's one I know, the plague of each Who WILL officiate as guide and talk At dreary length of fish he ate last sum-

"He makes my head swim with his tales

Inspires at once to pen a royal sonnet. M. C. S.

And lounging on these cliffs peninsular,

ANSWERS.

sweeps, Greece, speedy, fleece, sleety, greedy, swees,

speech, creeds, sleepy, queens, breeds,

recognized national anthem is regarded in musical art. Be this as it may, there is no culture that can in any sense substitute itself for the American people in the choice amortal hymn of fervid patriotism shall given to the public no prizes nor committees of musical experts will be necessary to insure its acceptance. It will come spontaneously, unheralded and unsought, but

none the less anthoritative, distinctive and

THE SMALL COLLEGE. Its Advantage to Students Over the Big Institutions.

John S. Nollen, in New York Evening Post, We may go even further, and say that the small college has an important advantage over the big undergraduate school as an educational institution. It is notorious that the graduate schools usually get their best students from the colleges. There are good reasons why this should be so. Though he is rarely a great man, the college professor is certainly a better trained and more She nodded her head and he saw a glad The most widely separated peoples are continued to be tied up, for years to come experienced teacher than the young instructor who is'left to lay the foundations in a large institution, where the time and interest of the distinguished professor is a good thing for the present; or, what is inevitably absorbed largely by the graduate too frequently true, because these corpora- school. Besides, the college student in his smaller classes gets far more out of his teacher than the too numerous university sand dollars for their vote, without any undergraduate, and he is far more apt to thought of the people who are to bear these | cultivate habits of industry and concentration. In quite another direction the many student enterprises in which he is practically forced by public opinion, if not by a sense of duty, to take an active part, will give him a versatility and an all-round command of himself that fit him to meet almost any situation. Altogether, though his life may have been somewhat provincial, and portunities for culture offered by great cencollege, will usually be more than a match for his university-trained rival in general

One of the strongest arguments in favor of the continued centralization of higher education is based upon the need of such extensive equipment as but few very wealthy institutions can purchase. But this argument has force only for graduate schools. So long as the college is content with its legitimate field as an educator, and does not attempt the impossible in the way of research, it can get along with a moderate library and relatively inexpensive laboratories, and in general with such a material equipment as is quite within the reach of a proper college endowment. There need be no waste by unnecessary duplication if the equipment is proportioned to the actual demands of the student body. In fact, the smaller institutions will often represent an actual economy, producing more in proportion to its expenditure than the very large school. The thing that is tremendously and disproportionately expensive and in part impossible of duplication is the equipment of the graduate school for research. There will net ssarily always be but a very limited nur per of institutions that can provide a full equipment of this nature. These few institutions will be our real universities of the future, and all the others that bear the name will suffer in reputation by comparison with them; there will come finally a distinct and well-understood differentiation of rank according to real importance and effectiveness, as has been the case with

"Snake-Bite" Deaths in India,

the German universities.

London Navy and Army. A considerable proportion of the deaths in India annually attributed to snake bite are probably due to poisoning of another gort. The explanation is simple and interesting. When a man in an outlying village dies evidently from the effects of poison, it is the duty of the headsman of the village to take in, if not the body, at any rate the viscera, for examination by the civil surgeons of the nearest civil station, which may be some thirty miles away. To avoid this tedious journey, the name of the deceased is duly entered on the village records as having died from snake bite, and the entire village is afterward ready to swear that it saw the snake-a karait a yard and a half long-which did the deed, and which was subsequently slain, by several different people in several totally dif-

ferent sets of circumstances.